

Cockburn surprising

By JOEY KILFOIL
Brunswickan Staff

It's not a totally unfamiliar story: Artist emerges on Canadian music scene, makes his mark as a gifted singer/songwriter/guitarist. Many albums follow, with moderate to very good commercial success and high critical acclaim in home country. Still relatively unheard of in that great thorn in the side of the Canadian music industry which is referred to as "south of the border." After ten years as a primarily acoustic poet, artist changes his style -- drastically. Some old fans are

violin and mandolin; and Kathy Moses, flute, saxophones, and vocals---were far too loud. But more than that, this simple communication from audience to performer seemed to ease a lot of the tension and nervousness which was obvious from the start.

Musically, Cockburn's guitar playing was, as could be expected, excellent, except that his solos -- showing both rock and jazz influences -- seemed far too mechanical, as if his years of practicing scales had overpowered his imagination. The band also got their chance to show off, as a 15-minute (at least) solo period was thrown

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lost, while an entirely new audience is gained...

It's always hard, and at first glance, paradoxical, to have to say negative things about a performer you've come to respect and admire tremendously. But since this is a review of the Bruce Cockburn concert which took place last Sunday night in the Playhouse and not a review of his entire career, I feel I have no other choice but to label the concert a disappointment.

I must say first that I am not adverse to change. On the contrary, I like to see artists progress through several different styles in order to find out new things about themselves. I am reminded of a similar happening a few years ago when Canadian folk-rock artist Valdy put out an album, *Hot Rocks* which was nothing less than good rock and roll. No doubt there were a few who turned away from him. Personally, I saw the transition from Valdy's usual soft rock and folk style very smooth. The

in for an encore. Marsh's violin solo and Moses' flute solos were astounding, but a little long-winded. Goldsmith's piano solo at concert's end was no match, in my mind, for his superb blues solo on Cockburn's classic "Mama Just Wants To Barrellhouse All Night Long."

One thing that became apparent about Cockburn's recent songwriting is the fact that he favors one beat for many of his songs. His two recent hits -- "Wondering Where The Lions Are" and "Rumours of Glory" -- exemplify this beat, and it is even more obvious in concert when the bass and drums pound out the rhythm steady as a clock.

It is for this very reason that I found much of his new material boring. Cockburn is famous for stuffing a line of words bursting with imagery, and this is fine when his voice -- which, incidentally was excellent and surprisingly strong throughout the show -- and guitar are the only elements

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performances-- on the album, and more importantly, live -- did not seem forced. It was like driving a truck after driving a car -- same thing basically, just a little heavier duty.

Cockburn has gone from a canoe to a bicycle and gotten a little wet in the process.

Early in the show, a member of the audience yelled out, "Can we hear a little Bruce?" A legitimate complaint, as the backup band -- John Goldsmith, keyboards; Dennis Pendrith, bass; Rob DeSalla, Drums; Hugh Marsh, electric

present. But he seems to have failed to realize that a rock song with full instrumentation does not leave much space available for words. He may have changed his compositional style, but his lyrical style is still the same as it was many years ago, and it just doesn't work.

Most good albums draw the listener's attention to the artist's present. If this concert is any indication, Cockburn's recent works draws attention to his past and future.



Bruce Cockburn was disappointing at the Playhouse last Sunday.

Garbage art in Faculty Club

By NANCY KEMPTON
Brunswickan Staff

Many people claim contemporary abstract art could be accomplished by the inexperienced hands of any child. In many instances I would beg to differ, but in reference to the collage exhibit by Toby Graser in the Faculty Club, I could not agree more.

Graser's work, currently on display consists of nothing more than 12 rectangular backings with various assortments of ripped paper glued on in haphazard manner. Tin-foil, tissue paper, coloured utility paper comprise her entire media. From three to a dozen torn sections were placed in a supposed artistic design on each backing. Most works, however had as much appeal as scraps of discarded garbage that if found lying on a floor would instantly be swept up and thrown away.

In many facets of career and labour today, there appears to have been a distinct dwindling of appreciation for sincere effort and sweat, true talent and skill. Graser's style is obviously in keeping with this recent trend. There is little room for the sin of pride to manifest itself when one has nothing of value to be proud of.

Graser's list of credits include an exhibit at the Shaw-

Rimmington Gallery in Toronto, stories of her work printed in the Atlantic Advocate and New Brunswick Information and an oil painting hanging in the office of the UNB vice

president of administration. Perhaps her other creations expressed a talent that was bypassed by the Faculty Club exhibit. Or perhaps Graser has discovered a new chapter in the story of how to make a fast buck. The collages are selling for \$125 to \$150 each. When one estimates the costs of pro-

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duction --miscellaneous paper scraps, a few dabs of glue, a sheet or cardboard, and a few minutes of effortless labour --one can easily observe the fact that Ms. Graser is making

quite a profitable killing. Apart from the money motive, the only other purpose behind Graser's creation I am able to determine, is an ecological promotion for recycling unwanted paper. Instead of littering send your scraps to Graser's home here in Fredericton.

English department gives literary prizes

The UNB English department is again offering its annual series of prizes and scholarships, entries for which must be submitted before March 30, 1980.

Contrary to popular opinion, the awards are open to all UNB students, not just english majors or students.

The Bliss Carman Memorial Scholarship is an award of \$100 for the best group of six poems of not more than forty lines each. Not student

may win the scholarship more than twice.

The Sir Charles G.D. Roberts Memorial Prize: \$50 will be awarded for the best short story submitted by a graduate or undergraduate.

Names should not be attached to the actual manuscript and the poems or stories should be submitted to the Department of English office.

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By DA
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The addition and James' wonderfully The Gang's hottest boogie Now the release has firmly with a fresh of joy and release of the spirit of rock to hang out. Early Kool centered me

"Taylor's mains as

instrumental backgrounds members. boogie with although the music power resulted was the that lacked rhythm and Although the numbers like to the foreground loyalty to it's allow the boy the boundary pop. When mixed to resulting "cl dubitable fun jazz restraint forming a capable of airplay. The rhythm arrangements

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The Fredericton Orchestra, led mainly of UNB comm presenting of Baroque p.m., Friday In a program from the v Bach and has, because size, had to composition instrumentat The program evening incl 1) Concerto flute, oboe J.F. Fasch. 2) Double Minor for strings and Bach. 3) Concert strings in Vivaldi. 4. Suite N by J.S. Bach